

BENEFIT SELLING OUT; REPEAT SATURDAY

ON
PAPER *by...* FREDERICK
WINGS O'BRIEN

*Home is the sailor, home from the
sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.*

THE CARMELITE

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When I first went to Honolulu, during the nineteenth century, I paid seventy-five dollars fare on the best liner, the City of Rio de Janeiro. This next summer, you will be able to go to Honolulu for about the same price. Travel is light. Hawaii is becoming too civilized, dull, jazzed, expensive; run by a chamber of commonness.

I used to belong to a crack militia regiment. The officers are usually, dull fellows, with small brains and no culture, climbers on the stars and stripes to political jobs or moneymaking. Professional soldiers are stupid enough (visit Monterey or the Presidio of San Francisco!), but amateurs are like amateur actors,—you wonder what makes them act that way.

Justice? Why, of course not. It is an arbitrary conception from hierarchal sources, such as Solomon's judgment, etc. There is a temporary balance in social adjustment, which idealists hope to rise to higher levels. Yet, so far as I read or have observed, in America and England, the social conscience is now, more worried than before. The churches have always obstructed real justice by authority, "the poor ye have always with ye," and such soporific palaver.

The supreme court of the United States is a sad group of senile lawyers living in memories of forty years ago. No man should be appointed over fifty, and the average should be forty or so.

Men and women are less afraid of death than ever in history. They don't believe in immortality. Rockefeller, ninety-some, who claims to be a hard-shell Baptist, a believer in heaven, keeps a doc working night and day to retain him in this vale of tears. Probably, John Dee, isn't quite sure of paradise, but, knows that golf and gruel are certain.

Continued on page six



LINOLEUM CUT BY MARGUERITE BLASINGAME

Carmel News

SUCCESS OF BENEFIT NIGHT ASSURED

Any doubt about the box-office success of Carmel Benefit Night was settled Wednesday noon when the pace at which tickets were selling necessitated the decision to repeat the show on Saturday night of this week. A full house will be present at the opening in Sunset School's new auditorium tomorrow (Friday) evening at eight-fifteen. When the last dollar is counted the Carmel Employment Commission will receive a check large enough to solve their financial problem for the immediate future, and then some.

Purchasers of ticket coupons are reminded that it is necessary to exchange their coupons for tickets before tomorrow (Friday) noon, otherwise the committee cannot guarantee that seats will be held. Public sale of seats in the reserved section has been suspended pending the redemption of coupons; there remain only a sufficient number of reserved seats to take care of outstanding coupons, which should be presented at the Denny-Watrous Gallery before Friday noon. General admission tickets, at fifty cents, will be available at the auditorium box-office, but will be limited strictly to the seating accommodation.

Reserved seat tickets for the extra performance on Saturday evening, this week, are now on sale at the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

COUNCIL MEETING

The City Council, in a very brief adjourned meeting last night adopted two ordinances—horseback riding at the beach, and reduction of delinquent tax publication fee (both reported in detail last week).

Permission was granted the Blasingame Art School to erect a sign at their attic studio, Ocean and Dolores; Al Hoffman, who has moved his Sea Gull Shop to a location on Ocean Avenue near Staniford's, was given a permit to erect a sign at his new address.

AT LONG LAST

Landscaping plans prepared three years ago by Mrs. Helen Van Pelt for the beautification of Block 69 were put to their original purpose today when work was started under the direction of the Carmel Employment Commission. Mrs. Jane Todd, of Monterey, associate of Mrs. Van Pelt, is assisting in an advisory capacity.

NEWS FROM HEAVEN

Last night at the auditorium of the Sunset School Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt spoke to a large and enthusiastic audience on the subject of "What News from Heaven?" She was introduced by Mary Adda Read, president of the P.-T. A. A very earnest speaker of tremendous power, the president of Mills College stressed the point of the inner spiritual message in contrast to politics and externals, the latter information being more generally dispatched by speakers everywhere.

Dr. Reinhardt brought out in her speech that adults must be more deeply concerned in their attitudes toward the child and youth and in what they have to give to the world.

The several spiritual qualities which the child has being growth, affection, individuality and group life. Even in adult education growth is being stressed by modern education. Nothing is fixed and the changes coming on modern life will be verities in the near future. Most psychologists and behaviorists explain affection in a manner which seems to make the child selfish in gaining its own ends. This noted educator says that it is a peculiarly precious thing to childhood and should not be overlooked. Individuality is not a quality which is best proved by letting children act when they wish; it is best brought out by meeting obstacles, by the relationship in group life, co-operation and leadership in group work. In this different world, the young people will be the salvation of the era. Adults should keep their minds open, welcoming changes, for a principle is not only true because it has been tried in the previous generation, new truths are every moment being born.

In a recent interview, Dr. Reinhardt said of her own work:

"A woman's college must define a woman's responsibility—always manifold, but especially significant in three directions: her world-old responsibility in the home must first be understood, then ennobled and beautified if possible; her newer responsibility as neighbor and citizen must make her ready to improve her community in health and housing, in educational and recreational facilities, as well as in conditions of labor and living; her responsibility as an economic factor in a country, where on one hand, women make ninety per cent of all expenditures in their home, and where on the other, eight per cent of workers in industry are women, must find her trained in social economics. The curriculum of a woman's college must be socialized."

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DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSS-ROADS

A anonymous threatening letter has been received in Carmel by the Search family. Addressed to Mr. Preston Search, Carmel, Cal., and mailed in Monterey on January ninth, it deals with their Carmel Valley Ranch. Some months ago, Mrs. Frederick Search helped the unemployed question by allowing an elderly couple out of employment to live on their ranch for the winter. The letter, badly written and smudged on a piece of ledger paper follows:

You people are sure a bunch of damn saps. Why do you bring people like you have on your Ranch into the country. You think your damn smart sitting down in Carmel while those people run all over everybodys places and hunt and trap and you know damn well they are doing it why dont you get rid of them. Some of these days you are going to be held responsible for dammage they do and when your place is a bootleg joint maybe you will wake up. Why dont the lazy sons of guns work and you are sure damn fools to let them stay there and never do a tap of work nothing but bother everybody else.

Wake up or else we will make you sorry.

Mrs. Search remarked concerning these opinions expressed that the valley around their ranch is so thick with poachers and bootleggers that she thinks the writer or writers were prompted by jealousy and fear that their own nefarious acts would be discovered.

SEEKING TO ALLEVIATE THE PLIGHT OF THE SIGHTLESS

Friends of the blind are being asked to support an amendment to postal regulations which would permit mailing of Braille books free of charge when sent from publishers to blind persons or libraries circulating such books without charge to the blind. The amendment was introduced in the present Congress by the Southern Californian, Congressman Joe Crail, at the request of the Braille Institute of America.

At present Braille books are carried free in the mails when sent from libraries to blind readers. Such books, when purchased, must be paid for a regular parcel post rates. Because of their necessarily heavy weight parcel post charges on single books have amounted in some cases to as much as twenty dollars. Thousands of blind readers, unable to afford the purchase of Braille books plus the heavy postage, now are deprived of the solace of reading.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE BENEFIT

Carmel has had several opportunities to see Helen Ware on the screen since she established her residence here but her playing in "Food: A Tragedy of the Future", will be her first local stage appearance. "Food" is a fanciful sketch by William C. DeMille, who granted permission for production as a special favor to Helen Ware.

Edward Kuster has long had in mind a Studio Theatre presentation of "Shall We Join the Ladies?" in an evening of single act plays. As his donation to the Employment Fund he has waived his own plans and presents the Barrie mystery play tomorrow night. It is decided theatrical novelty in that it is the first act of an intended three-part play, the last two acts of which were never written.

With characteristic energy, Lita Batten has been devoting about twenty-three and a half hours a day to arrangements for the benefit since she assumed chairmanship of the committee in charge. To her credit: A house virtually sold-out three days in advance of opening.

Howard Brooks, the erstwhile General Northrup, King George II, Mr. Cady, and so on, is cast in "Food," a one-play with a title that touches his (business) heart. Mr. Brooks is down for a busy evening: Ted Kuster is also using his services in the Barrie play.

Willette Allen is on the program for a Moorish dance and will also present five of her pupils, billed as the "Tip-Top Dancers." Betty Rae Sutton, another of her pupils, will do a solo number.

A goodly portion of Carmel's colored population make their first theatrical appearance locally tomorrow night in Charles K. Van Riper's one-act play, "The Crossing," based on a story by Alma and Paul Ellerbe, former Carmel residents. Elliott M. Durham is directing.

Ted Blair and Robert Elliott, newcomers to Carmel, both with theatrical experience, will be assistants to Charles Van Riper back-stage. Carmel is accustomed to having its shows move with professional smoothness. The Benefit Night will be no exception.

Fenton P. Foster's community chorus, "The Foster Club," has been assigned the opening spot on the program—and will re-appear twice thereafter. One of

their programmed selections is by Bartholomew, until recently a Carmel resident.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hopper will sponsor the dance to be held on the auditorium stage following the final curtain. Maurice Stoney and his orchestra are donating their services; the receipts, at ten cents a dance, will help swell the Employment Fund.

Miss Frances Brewer, head usher at the Forest Theater last season, will serve in a similar capacity tomorrow night, with a sufficient number of assistants to ensure rapid seating in a sold-out house.

Emphasis is placed on the starting hour of the benefit program—eight fifteen sharp. Late arrivals will not be shown to their seats during the first numbers.

CARMEL BENEFIT NIGHT

A COMMUNITY ENTERTAINMENT IN AID OF
THE CARMEL EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION'S FUND
SUNSET SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1932

PROGRAM (Condensed)

FOSTER GLEE CLUB—

Swing Along _____ Cook

GRECIAN STUDY _____ Betty Rae Sutton

THE CROSSING—A one act play by Charles K. Van Riper, from a short story by Alma and Paul Ellerbe. Directed by Elliott M. Durham.

A cast of colored residents of Carmel, including James, Kent, Hazel Butler, Mary Smith, Sara Mosley, Francis James, Daisy Kruse, Carl Harris, Frank Harrison, Walter Sparks, Earl Watkins, Harry Lamb, Buster Guyton, Harry Williams, Zelma Perrkins.

TIP-TOP DANCERS—Pupils of the Carmel School of Dancing, presented by Willette Allen and Dorothy Woodward.

Dorothy Woodward _____ Camille Burnham
Doris Crossman _____ Pauline Campbell _____ Judy Woodward

FOSTER GLEE CLUB—

California Lullaby _____ Seiger
Morning _____ Speaks

SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?—Act I of an unfinished play by J. M. Barrie; directed by Edward Kuster.

Cast includes: Gertrude Bardarson, Morris Wild, Nancy Kynaston, Chris Crichton, Robert Parrot, Ruth Waring, Martha Campbell, Howard Brooks, B. Franklin Dixon, Mary Marble, Jack Steward, Gabrielle Kuster, Edward Kuster, Samuel Ethredge, Virginia Rockwell, Lawrence Grenier.

INTERMISSION. Coffee and sandwiches will be served in the lobby at customary charges, the proceeds going to the Employment Fund.

FOSTER GLEE CLUB—

Old Man Noah _____ Bartholomew
Jerusalem Morning _____ O'Hara

MOORISH DANCE _____ WILLETTE ALLEN

Dorothy Woodward, Accompanist.

FOOD—A Tragedy of the Future, by William C. DeMille; directed by Frederic Burt.

Cast: Helen Ware, Frederic Burt, Howard Brooks.

DANCING on the stage, immediately following final curtain. Ten cents for each dance. The Employment Commission will receive the whole of the receipts; the orchestra's services are being donated.

Correspondence

MANNERS

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

It has just come to my attention that the Sunset School has recently added to its curriculum the art of "Table Manners." As a mother who has always tried to teach her own children these little courtesies I feel that it is a fine thing that children who have no instruction of this sort in their own homes to have the opportunity to learn well behaved action at meals. Often times I have been appalled at the manners of otherwise bright children who come from cultured homes. It is true especially of fathers and mothers who are harrassed with creative effort that they often have no time to properly stress the niceties of life. Food we have always with us. The time will come when many children will forget their problems learned in school, they will go on to other phases of life and work. Arithmetic, spelling, history, geography and the many other preliminary steps in education do not always figure in their later professions, but table manners once practiced correctly will never be forgotten. The far-seeing principal of this up-to-date school should be warmly congratulated in laying the first plank in the structure of our children's future. Well mannered children make poised, cultured men and women of which the world is always in need.

A MOTHER

Asked concerning this course, Mr. Bardarson remarked that "Table Manners" comes merely in the study of "Good Citizenship." It is a course designed to help the young student prepare for more of the conventional things in the world which he will meet in life after his studies are over.

A CARMEL VISITOR SAYS—

Dr. Henri Gregoire, noted linguist and professor of architectural archaeology at the University of Brussels, who visited Carmel last summer, after lecturing on Byzantine history in the Stanford summer session, records his impressions of America and its universities in a pithy article appearing in a French review. He writes in the form of a dialogue between a mythical Belgian and an equally mythical Englishman lately returned from America. Excerpts are here reproduced as translated from the French by Mme. Jeanne Pirenne for The Carmelite.

Dr. Gregoire has given himself the role of the Englishman (Sir Archibald Bigfour); the Belgian is designated Eulethere.

E.—What do you think of modern America?

Sir A.—The America of 1931 has almost nothing in common with the country described by Siegfried. The crisis, morally and politically, is a school of betterment of this admirable country. America now realizes that their country is only part of the world and not a world in itself. They were ready under Wilson to look toward Europe. I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Stuart speak on the subject; he summed up the matter: "Let us honor the great spirits of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, but I beg of you to come back to Wilson." (The reference is to Dr. Graham Stuart, of Stanford, who lectured in Carmel last fall on international relations.—Ed.)

E.—But what do you think of the bold optimism, the bumptiousness, that characterized Americans of the immediate past?

Sir A.—The truth is that the slogans of the prosperity era are out of date and seem ridiculous, almost odious, un-

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der the depression. Literature of the time has done its best to discredit the ideals of a recent period, making it seem even more remote. Sinclair Lewis, in creating Babbit, killed Babbittism. The time is near when the prophet Ford will be stoned in the streets of Detroit. Signs of Fordism's failure are apparent everywhere.

E.—Do you believe that the workers, out of jobs, discharged by capitalists, are going to be converted to the League of Nations? Do they not look more to the Soviets?

Sir A.—Many Americans seem to be much interested in the Soviets, especially newspaper men and Ph. Ds. They talk of the 'Five Year Plan,' of which they know nothing but that it exists. Yet their sympathies unite Geneva and Moscow.

E.—When you mention the talkers, (conversationalists), I am reminded that Duhamel says that they do not exist in America.

Sir A.—In my opinion Duhamel did not dare to penetrate the real America. He visited the slaughter-houses but not the universities or the libraries. Stanford would make you ashamed of your University of Brussels!

E.—What do you think of co-education? The president of Princeton, visiting our university, boasted the purity of the American colleges of the East. He repeated the story of Huvergnat who upon finding an old shoe in his soup calmly took it out saying: 'It is not that it is dirty but it takes room.' Girls go to the universities not to study but to meet boys.

Sir A.—I found the boys rather slow and dull, the girls smart and lively. In Stanford, with limitations on enrolment, they take only the most intelligent and apparently the prettiest ones.

E.—Sir Archibald, you are in love with America and particularly with California and her daughters.

Sir A.—America will be saved by her women. I think that if America consents to take the little left to us, she will become the metropolis of the civilized world as in the past was Athens following creative Ionia.

ART ASSOCIATION EXHIBIT

The Carmel Art Association which heretofore has annually exhibited in August will open a three weeks' exhibition at the Denny-Watrous Gallery January twenty-fifth, continuing till February thirteenth. Sunday afternoon, January twenty-fourth from three to five marks the opening reception; when the public is cordially invited and tea will be served.

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OPPOSITE P. O. CARMEL

COUNTESS TOLSTOY

IN A LECTURE ON RUSSIA

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COUNTESS TOLSTOY ON RUSSIA

Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, daughter of Count Leo Tolstoy, will be in Carmel on Friday, January twenty-second, to speak in the Denny-Watrous Gallery. Her talk will cover some of the principles of her father, the points on which he could agree with, and the points in which he differs from the leaders of the Revolution. Youngest daughter of the noted Count, she was his secretary and was with him until his death.

During the Revolution Countess Tolstoy was imprisoned five times, but she carried on for some years under the present regime at the head of the school on her father's estate, and also as director of the Tolstoy Museum. She left Russia when it was demanded that she teach anti-religious propaganda. Before coming to America she spent several months in Japan. She has been on this coast since last July. Her Gallery lecture is one of a series intended to present a complete picture of the Russian scene from various points of view.

HIGH PRAISE FOR CARMEL MARINE PAINTERS

In the "American Magazine of Art" last month, William Howe Downs wrote of "American Painters of the Sea." He says that native painters have attained a pre-eminence in marine painting, with Winslow Homer, Paul Dougherty, Alexander Harrison, and Frederick Waugh as outstanding masters of this subject.

"Second only to Winslow Homer in the delineation of surf are Paul Dougherty and Frederick Waugh, both painters of distinct ability. In their pictures of the heavy ground swell dashing upon rocky promontories we find great spirit and vitality, a method of execution full of breadth and *brio*. One cannot contemplate these virile works without a sympathetic reaction to their fine freedom and exuberance, an exhilaration corresponding in kind to the mood induced by the sight of the scene itself, as one watches it and feels the spray and smells the salt-air and listens to the thunder of the huge breakers. Dougherty and Waugh need fear no rivals. Winslow Homer was characteristically generous in his praise of these younger colleagues of his. He said, in substance, that there would be no cause for mourning when his time came to lay down his brush forever, so long as such worthy successors were there to carry on.

"It would be interesting but it is not feasible to speak in detail here of the work of the group of marine painters Carlsen. . . . Many and varied are the that includes William Ritschel, Emil

phases of sea scenery treated by these men, whose knowledge of the ocean and of ships has been won in many cases by hard experience before the mast."

Several reproductions of Dougherty's work accompanied the article.

ADELE MARCUS IN RECITAL

Thoroughness and technique of a high order marked the concert by Adele Marcus, pianist, at the Denny-Watrous Gallery last Thursday evening. Although the pianist's musical poise and strength registered definitely, we felt a lack of that certain fire which radiates from truly great musicians.

Opening with three Brahms' selections, two Intermezzos, and the G Minor Ballade, Marcus exhibited her sensitive touch in all of its fine modulations. The Ballade, with its two or three conflicting rhythms, and haunting inner melody veiled in harmonies without, was excellently played.

Beethoven's sonata, "*Les Adieux, l'absence, et le retour*," followed the first group. In the *fortissimo* of the last division, Miss Marcus' pedalling was a trifle blurred, but the abounding strength, beauty, and sensitiveness of the work was interpreted with sympathy. Commemorating the departure of Beethoven's friend, Archduke Rudolph, from Vienna, the brilliance of sentiment in this piece indicate that the composer was really inspired by the parting, and that it was not mere accident for his genius to translate.

Miss Marcus' greatest achievement was in the rendition of Chopin's B Minor Sonata. This preeminent piano-forte composer, with his fascinating melodies, and originality in harmony and rhythms, is at his best in this Sonata. The rich, singing tone and the unexaggerated accentuation of Chopin's difficult time, proved her to be a fine musician. Both Chopin's and Marcus' "thought and form, matter and manner, shades of style and of emotion" blended exquisitely.

The two Preludes of Debussy, "*La Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune*," and "*Feux d'artifice*," were well done. This composer's music requires from the player's fingers and feet—as well as from their sense of rhythm, sensitiveness hitherto unrequired.

Including two of the colorful Scriabin etudes in her program, she entered into the lyrical flame that leaps from the composer's music. An encore, "*Mosquito Etude*," was a delightful little piece of temper, and fantasy.

The enthusiastic audience demanded four encores, which were generously given.

HENRY COWELL BACK IN NEW YORK

After several months in Berlin Henry Cowell has returned to New York to continue his work at the New School for Social Research. He has introduced a music series of twelve sessions illustrated by native musicians from Mexico, the Balkans, Arabia, Russia, Ireland and Scotland, China, Japan, etc., a comparison of the musical systems of the world. He is also to give twelve illustrated lectures on appreciation of modern music.

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THE CARMELITE

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Associate Editor

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***The views expressed in signed contributions should be taken as those of the individual writers, not necessarily endorsed by the Editor.

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

—from page one

Prof. Nystrom, of Columbia University, announces that we have forty million poor in our rich country, with eight millions in dire poverty. A few millionaires begin to realize the possibilities. Hoover's chum advisers seem blind. His Asst. Sec. of Commerce opposes any big movement in aid of unemployed. A whiff of grapeshot is their remedy in an emergency. The President of General Electric Company, one of the richest corporations in the world, says the whole business system of America is threatened with disintegration; that business must hurry to help the unemployed, or be deeply in peril. It is in peril now. More deeply than it knows.

Doctors of medicine, surgeons, as friends, are warm hearted, unselfish, appreciative. I have eight or ten docs whom I know well enough not to pretend I believe they have anything on the ball. They never pretend to me. I know only one very cruel cutup, well, and he's good to his family. He told me, once, he had removed a hundred appendices, merely, to make large fees. He is an expert, cold, sensual, woman-chaser, and, wins most of those he sets out to delude. He has made a million or two dollars; enjoys life keenly.

A San Francisco woman is a reporter on a Soviet daily in Moscow, the News, published in English. The paper is gaining circulation in America, especially, among the unemployed. The California woman writes me Moscow is dull as to pleasure, and so puritan compared to San Francisco. Necking is ostracism; not ostrichism.

"Father Malachy's Miracle," a comparatively new book, by Bruce Marshall, a Scot, is witty and wise. It has much about Scotch priests, and the ritual of the Catholic church, in it, and, though it pokes a world of fun at the clergy, it is a best seller to priests wherever Eng-

lish is read. The author, a man of the world, is a devout Roman Catholic, has lived a deal about sacristies, altars, and the simple houses of pastors. He, also, knows dance joints. The book has a quality of oversweetness peculiar to devout natures, but, is brilliantly written, and with a fine knowledge of what's worth while in this vale of tears. Father Malchay himself, is the type of good, honest, believing priests, whom I have known, and written about.

The Roman Catholic bishop of Cleveland says something is wrong in America, where three per cent of the people own ninety per cent of the wealth. This radical cleric is not the only chief in the powerful Catholic organization who fears loss of faith in man as well as God, for his suffering flock.

On Sunday nights, in a million anti-evolutionary homes, a sacred half hour is consecrated to Seth Parker's Bible singings, on the radio. In most of America, this radio feature narcotizes millions of dull, aged, groping folks. It includes one excellent voice, good direction, admirable dramatic sequence, and a world of senile sweetness and candlelight. And it is hokum; hokum for coin, treacle for the moronic weary, dope for depressed souls; tears and half-smiles in a world saddened by death, but watched over lovingly by a heavenly father, who is right there in the New York studio, running the mike for His greater honor and glory and five thousand a week for the boss man. The owner of this highly-paid radio feature has cleverly capitalized God, the grave, age, simplicity, New England caution, and a craze for the homely hymns of oldtime religion. I love to listen to it.

New York has thirty times as many murders as London, man for man. In London, one murderer went unpunished; in New York, three hundred and seventy. Tammany rules in New York; justice in London.

Hearing in the night a fearful noise in my garbage can, just outside my back door, I went out in the dark with a flashlight. An animal's tail was sticking out of the can, his body inside it, and he, upside down, shaking it in his vain efforts to reverse his position. I clapped the large cover on the can before I, suddenly, discovered the nature of the beast. He was a civet cat, a skunk. What would you do in such a case? Release the helpless and beautiful animal, and lose your pajamas? Or sleep over it? I

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mean, retire from the scene. What I did is a secret between me and the skunk.

The squawkees brought back men stars. Few women can talk well. They will learn soon.

Ford is, gradually, lessening his Detroit factory's importance; building assembly plants throughout the country. He fears a great strike might, sometime, stop his works, if concentrated.

A friend of mine, a prison physician, has seen more than a hundred men hanged. He believes the Nevada method of extinction of condemned persons by gas, more humane. But, he has seen only one man *executed* by gas.

Neither Democrats nor Republicans will have a wet plank in their 1932 platform. The fear of the dry god is in their craws.

In all the world is but one sort of thing. It makes matter and mind. The soul is nothing but the body thinking itself, and the body is nothing but the soul as extension. It is very hard to act on that, to me, certainly, but, now and again, in illness, in moments of giving up intention to live, it flashes as a lighthouse in the fog.

The O'Brien We Knew

EDWARD WESTON—

To have known Frederick O'Brien as a friend of many years, has been an exceptional privilege: he was a rare human beings,—the gods do not often mould his kind. He loved his friends, liked to be with them, to delight them with tales of his adventuring. Fascinating though his books are, the charm, the lovable qualities of the man, could only be realized by direct contact.

As a *raconteur* he was unique, and Fred knew that this was really his *forte*. He said to me not long ago, "I would never write again—if I did not have to. I would rather sit around a fire with my friends, and spin them yarns."

Yet he must have enjoyed his column in The Carmelite,—to write for a publisher who never "blue-pencilled" was an opportunity! It was his chance to use that most subtle of weapons—ridicule—to attack on Paper Wings all shams,—hypocrisy, pretense, fraud: to expose the smug, the mediocre, the vulgar. His fight was against intolerance, whether it came from King, demagogue, or the "Sovereign Mass,"—against the manip-

ulating, regulating, exploiting of our fellowmen. But his weapon—his laugh—never bore malice.

Maybe he was ready to go,—wearied of the dull antics of professional uplifters, of radio crooners, of "probishn": Seeing too clearly the sinister encroachment upon our traditional guarantees of individual liberty. Perhaps he was eager to sail away on a new adventure. May he find fresh horizons ahead!

FREDERICK BECHDOLT—

I first met Fred O'Brien in San Francisco some twenty years ago; perhaps it was longer than that. Paul Sinheimer, of the old "Morning Call," had the two of us at lunch. We lingered a good two hours at the table, for Fred had begun to talk of the South Seas, and the people of the archipelagoes in those far-off waters. I remember telling him that he should write those tales; and Paul's quick rejoinder—that he had brought the two of us together in the hope that I would say that. Then—at Paul's insistence—Fred brought a bulky manuscript, which I read afterward. It was the first draft of "White Shadows of the South Seas."

I never knew a new writer so diffident over his product. And, in the years that have passed, when I came to know him and his work much better, it has always seemed to me that he kept that diffidence. It was as if the writing of those stories were something which he loved; but, once it was done, he did not take the accomplishment too seriously. Certainly he was always modest about his work; and whatever commercial value it had was not the result of any salesmanship on his part. He loved to write those stories just as he loved to tell them; and he loved to tell them just as he loved to discover them in far places, among strange people.

I think, now that his days of adventuring were over; now that he was settled down to one place, where there were no new faces to see, no new tales to find for the telling afterward; he may have been well satisfied to go to his rest. He was a lovable man.

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE—

I think the best work O'Brien ever did was his column in The Carmelite. Certainly it is the best I know about, and I have read his books, or several of them, including the famous one. His Carmelite paragraphs were extraordinary in their presentation of his humorously cynical disillusion with life, and an ironic contemplation of the futile human race, especially the stuffed shirts that make up the topside of it in the consideration of the masses. His South Sea books were

largely palaver, but in his Carmelite paragraphs he got down to brass tacks and illuminated things in general with the light of a wide experience and a knowledge of the American scene rarely surpassed.

FRANK SHERIDAN—

Frederick O'Brien was an iconoclast of inestimable value: an exposé of shams that were being deified by the thoughtless.

LINCOLN STEFFENS—

He lived, often dangerously, and not only at his own risk alone; he laughed, and not only at himself; he told it all with enjoyment, and never only for others. A great life, a triumph. He saw the world, and he told the world so. And he never got arrested; not for long. At any rate he escaped justice. How often he laughed at that. I have heard him, in many places around the world. I heard him enough to know that he had to laugh to keep from—worse. A sensitive man he was, as his books show, but a brave one, inside and out. He will live long, Freddie O'Brien will.

"30": An Editorial Footnote

With this issue The Carmelite enters upon the final stages of a distinguished connection. Frederick O'Brien's death severs an association that had become part and parcel of the paper's fabric. Indicative of the zest with which he did "Paper Wings," there remains enough material to continue the column for several months. Hovering in the background is an unwritten law of newspaperdom against posthumous publication of topical comment. On reflection the rule has no valid reason for being; it is linked with other tabus, major and minor, which O'Brien himself overrode. The material will be used.

There is satisfaction—abiding satisfaction—in having been the medium of Frederick O'Brien's summing up. Lincoln Steffens once said that in no other town in America could such a column be published. The implication is clear: leeway.

O'Brien needed, had to have, leeway. "Blue-pencilling" would have driven him into silence. The point was never discussed, but there was a tacit understanding that "Paper Wings," if run, would run as written. With nine writers out of ten a similar pact would have made no difference, but O'Brien had something to say. And he said it.

Such a measure of freedom was not expected to pass unopposed. It did not. Objections came first, then sporadically, then lacking. To all such objections

O'Brien thinks these things, writes what he thinks, signs what he writes. The responsibility for publication is gladly assumed; the responsibility for Frederick O'Brien's thought-processes remains his own.

A few—deeply, sincerely stirred—absolved themselves from such heresy by the only means of protest remaining: "Cancelled" was written opposite their names. Others took their places. Actually the record shows two accessions for every one dropped. Which is relevant only as an index to reactions, a testimonial to tolerance. The possible loss or gain at no time influenced the editorial status of "Paper Wings."

Had The Carmelite so elected, it doubtless could have gained a modicum of national circulation through the association. Purposely any suggestion of exploitation was avoided. One of the most highly-paid of writers, Frederick O'Brien was here writing not for pay, writing as he could not have written for pay. "Paper Wings" was virtually his only output during his last year. Yet he had offers, repeated requests, from his book publishers. The Century Company wanted his autobiography, wanted three other projected books. "Paper Wings" won out, and into it went enough material for two full-length books. Implied was a compliment to Carmel, not wholly unappreciated. Exploitation, circulation-seeking on the strength of it would have been breaking faith—and eventually would have broken "Paper Wings." It was—and will remain until the flight is ended—a column which money could not have bought and which money could not keep out of print.

* * *

"The ashes of Frederick O'Brien became a 'White Shadow' on the breast of Pacific yesterday. . . ." So ran an "Examiner" story. The newspaper man in O'Brien would have blue-pencilled that line as needlessly ornate, the poet in him might have granted "Not bad." Then, on to the next story, whatever it might have been, as he has now passed on to the next story, whatever it may be. Always the newspaper man, O'Brien looked upon life as an assignment, a story to be covered, and told. He reached, earned, a place where his copy was run "as written." It does not seem to matter greatly, but who is to gainsay that his Final Story will not be handled the same way—run "as written"? J. C.

Forgotten Facts

Impressions of Post-War Europe
by PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

The Jews are the least understood of all races, this probably because there are so many of them.

The Jews originated in Judea. And than the Judean Jew of today there is no wiser, finer men.

But the Jews have always been an oppressed race. Not being able to go forward, they have always been forced to go around, under, over. This has made them shrewd and cunning. It is not their fault. It is their circumstance.

From Judea, the Jews have spread all over the world. They have intermarried and interbred with all races in all countries.

Now with some races, the Jews mix well, with others badly.

Cross a Jew with an Englishman and you get a person combining the integrity of the Anglo Saxon with the judgment of the Semite. It is a good mixture. Cross a Jew with a Frenchman, and you get aggravated thriftiness. Cross a Jew with an Italian and you get a cruel cunning. Cross a Jew with a German and you get a man hypermethodical. Cross a Jew with a Pole and you get the lowest order of human life lower, in my opinion, than a Seri Indian.

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The Jews have their own racial psychology—their own Bible. Neither their psychology nor their Bible is understood. And that is where the trouble lies.

I have known personally many Jews. Many I have been proud to call my friends. No finer men have ever lived than Chief Justice Samuels or Charles Frohman. They are keen for art, with a tremendous artistic perception. It is axiomatic that the oppressed races have tremendous emotionalism.

Jewish bankers—the international, bankers so-called—are above the petty considerations of nationalism. As such they are often called unpatriotic. They are. Why not? They have no country, no flag. Why should they be patriotic? What have they to be patriotic about? So the charge of lack of patriotism can be dismissed right there. It would be as absurd to blame a free thinker for not being a Methodist.

In most countries the Jew is a valuable factor. As such he deserves the greatest consideration and support—the respect of all.

In other countries, notably Poland, Roumania, Bulgaria, the Jew is anything but a social factor. He is an acute and active menace, from the standpoint of health, national prosperity—in every way. And as such, in hard bitten countries, it is no wonder that pogroms occur. We have had our own, for lesser cause, among the negroes.

If the public would learn to differentiate, in its own minds, the different kinds of Jews; if the public would learn the problems of overpopulation; if the public would understand racial psychology—it would be a happier and more tolerant world.

And a more understanding.

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AN O'BRIEN ANECDOTE

In remembering the jewel faceted personality of Frederick O'Brien, the brilliant sparks of his wit stand out sharply as the most salient feature. He loved to sit with a group of congenial friends, while the fire burned brightly, spinning yarns (he would rather tell a story than write one) of near and far places in the world that with his easy narrative stood out, glowing clearly as a picture on a screen. He brought to an evening spent in this way the old times such as were spent during the Thousand and One nights; vivid words, colorful settings and wit, always wit. One is sure that he would care most to be recalled for his wit and his story-telling proclivities. Quick at repartee, one versed in the almost lost art of conversation, there was never a dull moment in his company. One of his most amusing anecdotes on himself is one that I remember to have made Robinson Jeffers laugh heartily.

While on a visit to New York, O'Brien was the guest of young MacAdoo who was showing him the sights. He told O'Brien that they would go out for an evening with two real New York girls. The girls according to O'Brien were such real New York that they spoke in language of "dese" and "dose." He was waiting to proceed with the evening while the young ladies were in the next room perfecting their cosmetics and he heard:

"Whatta ya tink Mac says?"

"Whattas Mac say?"

"Mac says I gotta go wid Shakespeare!"

"Whose Shakespeare?"

"Dat old guy, he writes books."

With this, O'Brien betook himself toward the exit, grabbing his hat and cane he stumbled over his host who demanded:

"Where are you going Freddy?"

O'Brien drew himself into a posture of extreme dignity and replied:

"I am going home, to write a sonnet to the Dark Lady!"

* * *

MYRTOKLEIA CHILDE

A letter from Nelson H. Partridge, Jr., Los Angeles:

Liberal thought has lost a doughty champion, and at a time when such are most needed. Columnists are legion, but there is only one Frederick O'Brien, and—I may add, perhaps—only one paper with independence enough to print words of wisdom no matter how unwelcome they may be to some ears.

The Carmelite will survive, let us hope, for many a day to carry on the liberal idea on these western shores where it should flourish, but doesn't.

CARMEL POINT IN RAIN

Ceres has painted heaped-up hills with green
And filled her brush with silver on the lea
Where runs a slender ribbon to the sea
Through reedy marshlands. Sullen and unseen
Apollo broods on high; far in between
The vision of his bright steeds, endlessly
Stretches the palette of her tears, while he
Vainly attempts to gild the shining screen.

Her robes, brown-red, lie fringed with whitened sand,
Meeting the curled teeth of the plunging tide
The while she weeps; her sister winds at hand,
Have gathered, flung and gathered at her side,
Fresh tears in grief for Proserpine: the land
Prepares a footstool for dark Pluto's bride.

—MYRTOKLEIA CHILDE

A CARMELITE'S OBSERVATIONS
IN RUSSIA

By ELLA WINTER

After a lengthy sojourn in Russia, Ella Winter is returning to Carmel, due to arrive tomorrow after crossing the country by the air route. Since her arrival in New York she has written a number of special articles for newspapers, including the following, condensed from the New York "Evening Post":

COLLEGE TRAINING FOR
THE MOVIES

One of the most active centres in hustling Moscow is a place where one may receive, so to speak, one's "Doctorate of Films." To become a motion picture actor in Russia is as serious a business as becoming an engineer or scientist, and takes as long. This year the sporadic courses in picture work have been changed to a regular four-year university course, and some eighteen hundred students attend the film school.

The school is a training ground not only for actors but also for camera men, directors, scenario writers, designers, and all other branches of film-craft, including even cinema administrators and economists, the equivalent of our commercial directors. The students are young, mostly between sixteen and twenty-two and those that are accepted in the school are the final choice from among thousands of applicants. Their training is by no means theoretical only; fifty per cent of the time is spent in "practical" work; they write scenarios, build their own scenery, direct and shoot the picture, develop and then show it to a critical audience.

As soon as he knows something about his subject the student may act as assistant to the director, scenarist, camera man or other specialist in his field. All students have to learn several branches of cinema work, and finally whatever section in which they want to specialize. Thus I saw bobbed-haired young actresses poring over books of costume and design in the library, writers studying camera technique, directors-to-be making up as bearded moujiks for a part in a film on collectivization. The Kino-School is attached to the studio—in Russia called "factory"—of the Mejrabpom Film Company, one of the two largest Soviet film organizations (in which Pudovkin is a director); thus students do not have to go far to put their theories into practice. They do, however, visit the other film "factories" too, and sometimes take part in their films. This is the easier in Russia, where there is practically no "star" system.

"If you don't rely on screen tests for

features, grace of movement, and so on, as we do, what is your test for an actor or actress?" This was the question put to the bearded director of the school.

"We do take tests of the students wishing to act," he replied, "but only to see into which department they will fit best; for we have separate departments for our different types of films. There are military, agricultural, industrial, scientific, artistic, and children's films—and of course current events. It is quite possible that a person who would not make a good peasant type would make a very good shock brigade worker, or a NEP man. The test made, we usually advise the student which department to enter. Or it may happen that a student wishing to become an actor finds himself better adapted to some other branch; since our students learn the technique of the different branches, they may change their jobs when qualified."

Besides the mere technical film subjects students are trained as acrobats, and feats are done on the trapeze. One spectator, a hardened German film director, said he held his breath at some of their turns. Physical culture is arduous and exacting. It starts with ping pong (for exactness of observation) and embraces every kind of gymnastics and dancing. Many hours a day are spent in physical training. But the mental training is no less stressed. Theoretical work embraces courses in politics, the social sciences, dialectic materialism, Leninism,

the history of society, history of the class struggle, history of materialism, history of the U. S. S. R., and the economics of the cinema industry. There are special art courses in the methodology of art, the history of literature, dramaturgy, the science of the theatre and the history of the cinema. Actors have to take in addition anatomy and physiology, psychology, make-up and costuming, music and sound principles, "technology of the actor's craft," and "the art of being an actor." So far there are no textbooks because the school has not been in existence long enough. The students take notes and these are mimeographed and distributed.

One might think that with so many courses to attend the students would be glad when school was over. Not at all. They come back to evening meetings and conferences, and fiery and lively are the criticisms and discussions of any and every problem that might conceivably come up in the screen world—problems ranging from Marxian philosophy to camera technique. Every week a foreign film is shown and explained by one of the professors from the technical, dramatic and artistic points of view, and the students then have to hand in their comments. "Business" films made with an eye on the box office are condemned with heated indignation, for the Russians regard the film as an educational instrument, which shall bring enlightenment to the illiterate and "uncultured" populace.



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—who gather now and then to discuss various things and affairs. Whose sign of distress is "That's good."

Chronicled by FRANK SHERIDAN

"I read that the historian, Dr. Muzzey, is being hauled over the coals by another Board of Education, this time Savannah, Georgia," remarked The Author as he brought out the ingredients for conviviality.

"What misstatement of our history has the old Doc been guilty of this time?" asked The Idler.

"Well, as his publisher found business 'as usual' they decided that some kind of an American history would be the proper thing to unload upon the schools in order to bring in the needed stuff to pay dividends; so The Doctor grinds out a 'History of the American People,' and in his usual terse manner calls the ancestors of Georgia's Sons and Daughters of the Revolution a lot of riff-raff, such as criminals and poor debtors: the latter being the sweepings of English, Scotch and Irish. 'Debtors Prisons,' I imagine. Whereupon Georgia in general, and Savannah in particular, rose up and yelled bloody murder. They yelled a yell that could be heard from McCoy on the north to Waycross down south—yes, and they do say that the very frogs in Okefinokee Swamp, a suburb of Waycross, lost their voices in denouncing this Muzzey fellow. Way-

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cross I believe is mostly famous for having our fat friend Walter Hier as a travelling mayor, and an ad as 'After eating in Waycross' in the comic movies. You saw him block up Ocean Avenue a few times last summer."

"You were talking about disturbed history in Georgia, I believe, and wandered into displaced atmosphere in Carmel," interrupted The Captain.

"After the protests went in in sufficient quantities The Doctor wrote the Savannah educators that the offending passage would be cut out in future editions," and The Author drank his straight.

"So David Muzzey, the American historian, the teacher of the history of our country to millions of young Americans through his books, changes his historical writing because it is not the truth, or because he thinks less of the truth than he does of his royalties," said The Judge pacing the floor. "I'm not surprised. There has been a lot of our history changed or eliminated since I went to school back in Boston. Some of the most heroic episodes in our fight for freedom have been thrown out completely.

"About a year ago I went through some of the histories they use in schools, and I failed to find many incidents that thrilled me as a boy and young man.

"Take the capture of the powder and ball stored at Lexington. That was captured by John Sullivan, afterward Washington's Chief of Staff, and some of his neighbors seven months before Lexington, making a surprise attack on Fort William and Mary, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and took it without losing a man. It was a great story. Then there's the capture of the English man-of-war Margaretta by Morris and Jeremiah O'Brien and their friends, in a fight that James Fennimore Cooper calls 'The Lexington of the Seas' in his Naval History. It was boys, mere boys, that made that victory possible and Will Carleton, in a poem tells the story, closing with these lines

'One of the youths the deed to crown
Grasped the colors and pulled them down;

And raised, 'mid cries of wild delight,
The pine-tree flag of blue and white;

And the truth was shown, for the world to read,
That men may follow and boys may lead.'

"That's the kind of stuff I want our boys to read; of a bunch of lads who swarmed the enemy armed with axes, pitchforks, scythes and guns, and they

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won, by God, they won." The Judge's voice rang out as if he were addressing a jury to save a man's life.

"What can you find about the fight at the 'Rail Fence' on Bunker Hill when that New Hampshire crowd held off the flower of the British army to cover our retreat, and fought them back when all their ammunition was gone.

"Can you find anything about those heroic men of the Second Pennsylvania who were massacred at Paoli, near Valley Forge—died rather than turn traitor, twenty-seven of them. There's a small monument erected to their memory in a field in Paoli, overgrown with weeds and bushes, much to the shame of Pennsylvanians."

"How little our children learn nowadays about Sergeant Jasper and his heroic deed at Fort Moultrie?"

"What do you know of the twenty-thousand Americans held prisoners in the hulks off Staten Island—who rotted and died there, twenty thousand of them—rather than betray the cause of liberty—they were all given the chance to swear allegiance to England, and and there were seventeen only who took the oath."

"And this belittling our statesmen of that period. Why, there was a history being used in eastern schools that tried to prove John Hancock a smuggler and thief because he refused to pay taxes to England—he and three million other Americans. And Samuel Adams is called a 'pot house brawler'—yet of all the men who brought about our fight for liberty I count Samuel Adams among the first four, the others, as I see them, were Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin and Patrick Henry."

"Why leave out Washington?" asked The Captain.

"I said, 'brought about' the Revolution—Washington came in as the great factor after it started," The Judge replied. "And at that George might not have been the Commander-in-Chief if Congress had taken his advice. Washington wanted Andrew Lewis to be the man—he thought Lewis was a military genius, and he was nearly right, as events proved afterward. But you never read Lewis' name. I suppose in a couple more re-writes they will leave out Old Put, Ethan Allan, Richard Montgomery, Mad Anthony Wayne, and a few others who did stunts that flabbergasted the enemy."

"Come on; I'm too hot under the collar to go into it anymore. They and their twisted history ;they sicken me. Come on; get the game started and don't take advantage of my condition boys—I'm liable to bet the roll on a pair of jacks."

TAXING MACHINERY: A CURE FOR DEPRESSION?

In the Pacific Coast edition of the Wall Street Journal, Charles N. Edge, in an article entitled "The Control of Mechanization," broaches the theory that the present depression is due to the displacement of man by the machine—what is known as "technological unemployment."

"Mechanization, the logical result of a hundred years of effort, is the transfer of the power to 'create value' from man to the machine. It is then involuntary transfer of man's greatest asset, and must therefore be followed by results and consequences of the most momentous proportions.

"At a certain inevitable point of development of mechanization, if the consumption of the products of the machine and the work of men together cannot be fully maintained, the machine ceases to be the servant of man and becomes the competitor of man's own right to work. Up to this point both capital and labor receive increasing returns. At this point they reached a maximum but beyond this point their returns are doomed to decrease and ultimately vanish.

"The total number of workers and their families in the three greatest mechanized industries, farming, manufacturing and railways, in 1919 comprised 60 per cent of the total population of the United States. In 1929, at the peak of prosperity, this percentage had already fallen to 40 per cent from 60. It has now fallen farther, due to the depression, to probably 36 per cent, although the volume of production in 1931 still exceeds 1919!"

* * *

We must bring mechanization under control and restore man his power to "Create value"—thus justifying "prosperity." How is it to be done?

"The true value of a worker depends upon the value of the land itself; upon the value of the worker who owns the land and machinery and derives a profit from them, or upon one who rents them and receives as wages a proportion of the products of his labor.

"The transfer of taxation from land to the machine would have the immediate effect of increasing the value of land throughout the country and of all agricultural workers—the base of prosperity and construction. It would quickly release that part of our frozen assets relating to real estate; it would have an immediate and steadily increasing effect upon the total demand for man."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey.

In the matter of the Estate of
HARRIOT DORR DOULTON,
Deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Monterey County Trust & Savings Bank, as executor of the last will of HARRIOT DORR DOULTON Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, to the said executor at its place of business on Dolores Avenue and 7th Street in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, (the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate,) in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six months after the first publication of this notice.

Dated: December 1st, 1931

Monterey County Trust & Savings Bank, as Executor of the last

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Loeb: Please Stand By.
McFee: The Harbormaster.
Milne: Two People.
Scott: A Calendar of Sin.
Teilhet—Death Flies High.
Young—Mr. and Mrs. Pennington.

NON-FICTION:

Allan: Gold, Men and Dogs.
Best British Short Stories of 1931.
Cierva: Wings of Tomorrow.
Dipman: The Modern Grocery Store.
Ditmars: Strange Animals I Have
Known.
Gruening: Mexico and Its Heritage.
Institute of International Relations,
Geneva; Problems of Peace.
Kagawa: The Religion of Jesus.
Kennedy: Hoover in 1932.
Lemos: Art Teacher.
Mott: This Mechanical World.
Nitobe: Japan; Some Phases of her
Problems and Development.
Webb: Concrete Design and Con-
struction.
Munsell: A Color Notation.
O'Neill: Mourning Becomes Electra.

JOYCE GOES ON RECORD

One of the most interesting and valu-
able records made in recent years by
the Orthological Institute of London,
that of James Joyce reading "Anna Li-
via Plurabelle," has been received by
Lincoln Steffens from his friend, Jo
Davidson, now in London.

The illogical and supposedly unreadable
qualities in Joyce's prose are all resolv-
ed here. The grunts and snorts and ex-
clamations, which are so intolerable on
the printed page, of washer women,
here gain gusto and spirit and color.

"Anna was, Livia is, Plurabelle to be"—
so runs the text, interspersed with gos-
sip, instructions as to where each wom-
an shall spread her laundry, counting
of each spread piece, and more exclam-
ations constitute the appeal of this rec-
ord, unusual in phonograph history.

FOUR PENINSULA PAINTERS

The current issue of "California Arts
and Architecture" devotes a page to
informal portraits of four Peninsula
artists: Paul Dougherty, N. A., at
work in his Highlands studio; Jo Mora
beside one of his monumental Indians;
Francis McComas atop a ladder, fresco-
ing; and Armin Hansen with a marine
background.